LOUDEN'S BONNY WOODS AND BRAES.

To which are added,

THE ROBBER.

OLD MOTHER CHURCH.

MY HENRY IS TRUE.

Stirling, Printed by C. Randall.

LOUDEN's BONNY WOODS AND BRAES.

LOUDEN's bonny Woods and Braes,
I mann lea them a' Laffie,
Wha can thole when Britain's faes,
Would have Britain's bawe Laffie;
Wha would fhun the field o' danger,
Wha frae fame would be a ftranger,
Now when Britain is in danger,
Wha would fhun her ea' Laffie.
Louden's bonny Woods and Braes,
Ha'e been our peaceful bridal days,
And gentle peace fhall fmothe thy ways
When I am far awa' laffie.

Hark! the fwelling Bugle ſings joy
It brings joy to thee Laddie
But the doleful Bugle brings,
Waefu' thoughts to me Laddie;
Lanely I mann climb the Mountain,
Lanely ſtray beſide the Fountain,
Sad the weary moments counting,
For frae love and thee Laddie;

O'er the gory field of war,
Where Vengeance draws her Crimson Car,
You may fa' frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e Laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile,
O suppress thy tear Lassie,
Honour, Glory, crowns our toil,
That's a sodger's fee Lassie.
Heav'n will shield thy faithful lover,
Till the vengeful strife is over,
Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,
Till the day we die Lassie.
Louden's bonny Woods and Braes,
Shall see our future happy days,
And blythe our hearts as lambs that graze
On Louden's bonny Braes Lassie.

Weel I mind the happy day,
Unined ties on me Laddie,
But ne'er thought I that you would stray
Frae Louden's Braes and me Laddie.
May heav'n avert the threat'ning Blows,
Till I avenge thee on each foe,
And Gaelic sons wi' their last throws,
May kiss the road to me Laddie;
Louden's bonny Woods and Braes,
Shall grace our kind congenial days,
Responsive to my Hero's Praise,
And Echo's answer gay Laddie.

THE ROBBER.

IN the foreſt here hard by,
A bold robber late was I,
Sword and blunderbuſs in hand,
When I bid a trav'ler ſtand;
Zounds! deliver up your caſh,
Or ſtraight I'll pop and flaſh
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o,
Dam me Sir,
I'll you ſtir,
Sluice your veins,
Blow your brains,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry derry down
All among the leaves ſo green-o.

Soon I'll quit the rovine trade,
When a gentleman I'm made,
Then ſo ſpruce and debonair,
Gad, I'll court a lady fair,

How I'll prattle, tattle that,
How I'll kiss her and all that!
All amongst the leaves so green o,
How d'ye do!
How are you?
Why so coy?
Let us toy;
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry derry down,
All among the leaves so green-o.

But 'ere old and grey my pate,
I'll scrape up a snug estate;
With my nimbleness of thumbs
I soon butter all my crumbs;
Then I'm justice of the peace,
Then I'll master many a lease,
All among the leaves so green-o.
Wig profound,
Belly round,
Sit at ease,
Snatch the fees;
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry derry down,
All among the leaves so green-o.

OLD MOTHER CHURCH.

Tune, "God save the King."

GOD save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King,
Send him victorious,
Happy and Glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

Old Mother Church disdains
The vile dissenting strains,
That round her ring,
She keeps her dignity,
And scorning factions cry,
Sings with sincerity,
God save the King.

Sedition is their creed,
Feign'd Sheep, but wolves indeed,
How can we trust,
Gunpowder Priestly would
Deluge the throne with blood,
And lay the great and good,
Low in the dust.

History the Page unfold
Did not their fires of old,
Punish their King,
And they would overthrow,
Kings, Lords, and Bishops too,
And while they gave the blow,
Loyalty sing.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter our Enemies,
And make them fall,
Confound their Politicks,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

MY HENRY IS TRUE.

THO' prudence may press me,
And [illegible] distress me,

Againſt inclination, ah! what can they do?
No longer a rover,
His follies are over,
My heart, my fond heart, ſays my Henry is true.

The bee thus as changing,
From ſweet to ſweet ranging,
A roſe ſhould he light ne'er wiſhes to ſtray
Wit's raptures poſſeſſing
In one ev'ry bleſſing,
Till torn from her boſom he flies far away.

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